

In librum aureum/ trium poetarum opus.



Geoffrey/ half a thousand years
Have you waited for your peers—
Greet them now/ your fellow-Seers!

Look how Edward here doth linn
All you have revealed to him—
Worlds and gods and seraphim.

Hand in hand comes William/ Who
Sheweth here all print can do
Worthy of his brethren two.

Chaucer—Burne-Jones—Morris! We
Turn your leaves and hear you three
Singing Benedicite.

S. E.

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Sebastian Evans